

The history

The wife I choose, there can be no euasion,
To blench from this and to stand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the sikles vpon the marchant
When we haue soild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnrespective sine,
Because we now are full, it was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes.
Your breth with full consent bellied his sailes,
The seas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a ttruce:
And did him seruiue, hee toucht the ports desir'd.
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whose youth and freshnesse,
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
Is she worth keeping? why shee is a pearle,
Whose price hath lanch't above a thousand ships:
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wisdom *Paris* went,
As you must needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confesse he brought home worthy prize:
As you must needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd inestimable: why do you now
The yssue of your proper wisdomes rate,
And do a deed that neuer fortune did;
Begger the estimation, which you priz'd
Richer then sea and land: O theft most base,
That wee haue stolne, what we do feare to keepe;
But theeuers vnrworthy of a thing so stolne:
That in their countrey did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our native place.

Enter Cassandra rauiug.

Cass. Cry Troyans cry:

Priam. What noise? what strike is this?

Troy. 'Tis our madde sister I do know her voice;

Cass. Cry Troyans. *Hect*. It is *Cassandra*!

Cass. Cry Troyans cry, lend meten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.

Hect. Peace sister peace.

of *Troilus* and

Cass. Virgins, and boyes, mid-
Soft infancie, that nothing canst
Adde to my clamours: let vs pa-
A moytie of that masse of mone
Crie *Troyans* crye, practise your
Troy must not bee, nor goodly I-
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* bu-
Crie *Troyans* crye, a *Helen* and a
Crie, crye, Troy burnes, or else le-

Hect. Now youthfull *Troilus*
Of diuination in our Sister, worl-
Some touches of remorse? or is
So madly hote, that no discourse
Nor feare of, bad successe in a b-
Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse
Such, and no other then euent d-
Nor once deieft the courage of
Because *Cassandra*'s madde, her b-
Cannot distast the goodnesse of
Which hath our seuerall honors
To make it gracious. For my pri-
I am no more toucht then all *Pr*-
And *Ioue* forbid there should be
Such things as might offend the
To fight for and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world co-
As well my vnder-takings as yo-
But I attest the gods, your full c-
Gaued wings to my propension, a-
All ieaues attending on so dire a
For what (alas) can these my fin-
What propugnation is in one m-
To stand the push and enmitie o-
This quarrell wou'd excite? Yet
Were I alone to passe the difficu-
And had as ample power, as I ha-

Cass.